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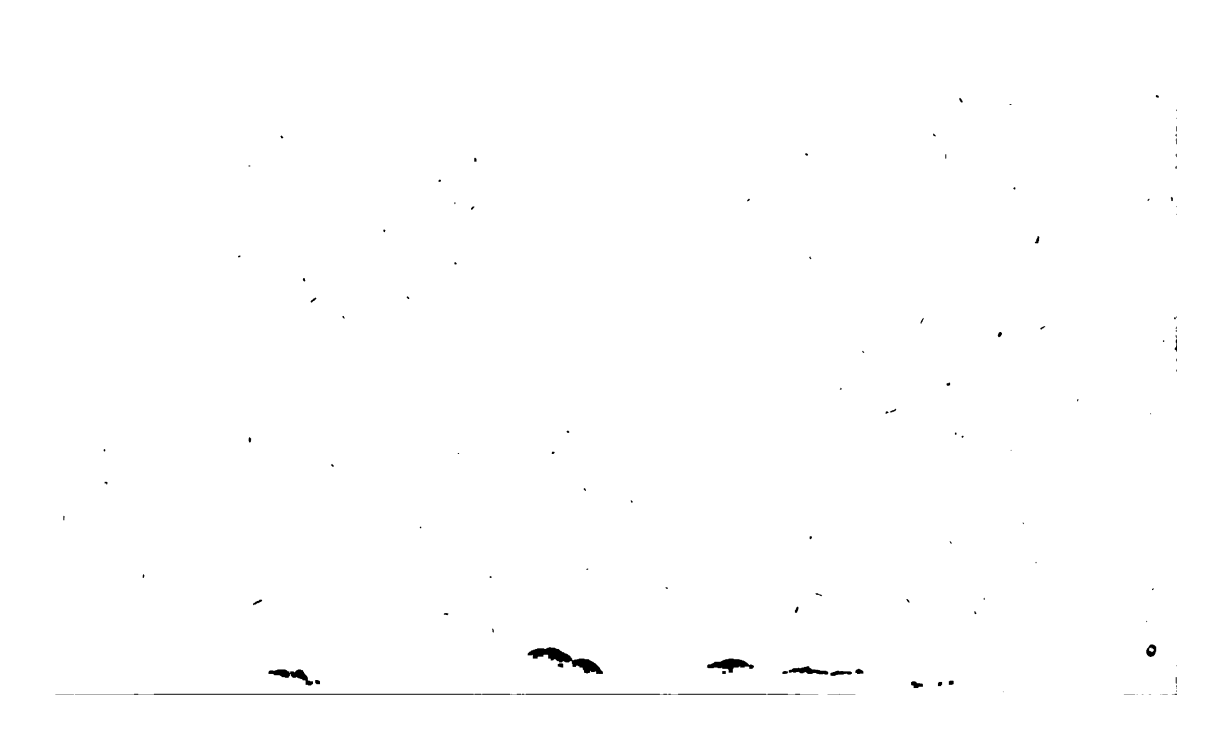

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

MILTON.

VOLUME III.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Ariſtot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

" Tragœdia eſt imitatio actionis ſeriæ, &c. per
" miſericordiam et metum perficiens talium
" affectuum luſtrationem."

Of that ſort of Dramatic Poem which is called Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of all other poems: therefore ſaid by Ariſtotle to be of power, by raiſing pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions, that is, to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirr'd up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for ſo in phyſic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd againſt melancholy, ſour againſt ſour, ſalt to remove ſalt humors. Hence philoſophers and other graveſt writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The Apoſtle Paul himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33. and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts diſtinguiſh'd each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and ſong between. Heretofore men in higheſt dignity have labor'd not a little to be thought able to compoſe a tragedy. Of that honor Dionyſius the elder was no leſs ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Auguſtus Cæſar alſo had begun his Ajax, but, unable to pleaſe his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfiniſh'd. Seneca the philoſopher is by ſome thought the author of thoſe tragedies (at leaſt the beſt of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeſeeming the ſanctity of his perſon to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Chriſt ſuffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate tragedy from the ſmall eſteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the poets error of intermixing comic ſtuff with tragic ſad-

neſs and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar perſons, which by all judicious hath been counted abſurd; and brought in without diſcretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy uſe no prologue, yet uſing ſometimes, in caſe of ſelf-defenſe, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epiſtle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us paſſes for beſt, thus much before-hand may be epiſtled; that chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and ſtill in uſe among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reaſon, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The meaſure of verſe us'd in the chorus is of all ſorts, call'd by the Greeks Monoſtrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antiſtrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of ſtanzas fram'd only for the muſic, then us'd with the chorus that ſung; not eſſential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into ſtanzas or pauſes, they may be call'd Allæoſtropha. Diviſion into act and ſcene referring chiefly to the ſtage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth act. Of the ſtile and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but ſuch œconomy, or diſpoſition of the fable as may ſtand beſt with verſimilitude and decorum; they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequal'd yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endevor to write tragedy. The circumſcription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and beſt example, within the ſpace of twenty-four hours.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Samſon made captive, blind, and now in the priſon at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouſe, on a feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, ſomewhat retir'd, there to ſit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who ſeek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endevors the like, and withal tells him his laſt purpoſe to procure his liberty by ranſom; laſtly, that this feaſt was proclam'd by the Philiſtines as a day of thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samſon, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to proſecute his endevor with the Philiſtine lords for Samſon's redemption; who in the mean while is viſited by other perſons; and laſtly by a public officer to require his coming to the feaſt before the lords and people, to play or ſhow his ſtrength in their preſence; he at firſt refuſes, diſmiſſing the public officer with abſolute denial to come; at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the ſecond time with great threatnings to fetch him: The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his ſon's deliverance: in the midſt of which diſcourſe an Hebrew comes in haſte, confuſedly at firſt, and afterward more diſtinctly relating the cataſtrophe, what Samſon had done to the Philiſtines, and by accident to himſelf; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.
MANOAH, the Father of Samſon.
DALILA, his Wife.
HARAPHA of Gath.
Public Officer.
Meſſenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The SCENE before the Priſon in Gaza.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON.

A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of ſun or ſhade:
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil,
Daily' in the common priſon elſe injoin'd me,
Where I, a priſoner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn feaſt the people hold
To Dagon their ſea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this reſt
Their ſuperſtition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that, like a deadly ſwarm
Of hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.

O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at laſt in ſight
Of both my parents all in flames aſcended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under taſk
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labor of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bond-ſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should Iſrael from Philiſtian yoke deliver;
Aſk for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in Gaza at the mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under Philiſtian yoke:
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the ſeal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!

But

But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldy, burdenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command!
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhow withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would aſk a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among enemies, O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me,
They creep, yet ſee, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe
Without all hope of day!

O firſt

O firſt created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life itſelf, if it be true
That light is in the ſoul,
She all in every part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miſerable!
Myſelf, my ſepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare

At my affliction, and perhaps t' inſult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.
CHOR. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, careleſly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
As one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over;
In ſlaviſh habit, ill fitted weeds
O'er-worn and ſoil'd;
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irreſiſtible Samſon? whom unarm'd
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could withſtand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattel'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen ſhield and ſpear, the hammer'd cuiraſs,
Chalybean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advanc'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Aſcalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The

The jaw of a dead aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand fore-ſkins fell, the flower of Paleſtine,
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his ſhoulders bore
The gates of Azza, poſt, and maſſy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, ſeat of giants old,
No journey of a ſabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy bondage or loſt ſight,
Priſon within priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The dungeon of thyſelf; thy ſoul
(Which men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe complain)
Impriſon'd now indeed,
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
T' incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirror of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate
Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphere of fortune raiſes;

But

But thee whoſe ſtrength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have ſubdued the earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

SAMS. I hear the ſound of words, their ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHO. He ſpeaks, let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in
The glory late of Iſrael, now the grief; [might,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Eſhtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To viſit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counſel or conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy ſores; apt words have pow'r to ſwage
The tumors of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to feſter'd wounds.

SAMS. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [learn
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their ſuperſcription (of the moſt
I would be underſtood); in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though ſought. Ye ſee, O Friends,
How many evils have inclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs, for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a fooliſh pilot have ſhipwrack'd
My veſſel truſted to me from above,
Gloriouſly rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,

Am

Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choiceſt youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this poſſeſs'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they ſerve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to ſervitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with eaſe than ſtrenuous liberty;
And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
Whom God hath of his ſpecial favor rais'd
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
To heap ingratitude on worthieſt deeds?

CHO. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchleſs Gideon in purſuit
Of Madian and her vanquiſh'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worſe than by his ſhield and ſpear,
Defended Iſrael from the Ammonite,
Had not his proweſs quell'd their pride
In that ſore battel when ſo many dy'd
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMS. Of ſuch examples add me to the roll,
Me eaſily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not ſo.

CHO.

CHO. Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to men;
Unleſs there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obſcure;
For of ſuch doctrin never was there ſchool,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himſelf.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardleſs of his glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himſelf,
And hath full right t' exempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From national obſtriction, without taint
Of ſin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can beſt diſpenſe.

He would not elſe who never wanted means,
Nor in reſpect of th' enemy juſt cauſe
To ſet his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Againſt his vow of ſtricteſt purity,
To ſeek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaſte.

Down reaſon then, at leaſt vain reaſonings down,

Though reaſon here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaſte was ſubſequent, her ſtain not his.
But ſee here comes thy reverend Sire
With careful ſtep, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: adviſe
Forthwith how thou oughtſt to receive him.
SAMS. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' aſſault.
MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for ſuch ye ſeem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old reſpect,
As I ſuppoſe, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,
My ſon now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine caſt back with age
Came lagging after; ſay if he be here.
CHO. As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate,
As erſt in high'eſt, behold him where he lies.
MAN. O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samſon, far renown'd,
The dread of Iſrael's foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their ſtreets,
None offering fight; who ſingle combatant
Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an army, now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length. O ever-failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenneſs

In

In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a ſon,
And ſuch a ſon as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt
Our earneſt pray'rs, then, giv'n with ſolemn hand
As graces, draw a ſcorpion's tail behind?
For this did th' Angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and ſacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Inſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes deriſion, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thruſt, to work with ſlaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err,
He ſhould not ſo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be it but for honor's ſake of former deeds.

SAMS. Appoint not heav'nly diſpoſition, Father;
Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly; I myſelf have brought them on,
Sole author I, ſole cauſe: if ought ſeem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
The myſtery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithleſs enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all ſurpris'd,
But warn'd by oft' experience: did not ſhe

Of Timna firſt betray me, and reveal
The ſecret wreſted from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profeſs'd, carrying it ſtrait
To them who had corrupted her, my ſpies
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who alſo in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd
Her ſpurious firſt-born, treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flattering prayers and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence,
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt
She ſought to make me traitor to myſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſtering all her wiles,
With blandiſh'd parlies, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and wearied out,
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To honor and religion! ſervile mind

Rewarded

Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degenerately I ſerv'd.
MAN. I cannot praiſe thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure, our foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms
To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains,
This day the Philiſtines a popular feaſt
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclame
Great pomp, and ſacrifice, and praiſes loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samſon, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So Dagon ſhall be magnify'd; and God,
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with idols
Diſglorify'd, blaſphem'd, and had in ſcorn

By the idolatrous rout amidſt their wine;
Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's houſe.
SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praiſes high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Diſhonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idoliſts, and atheiſts; have brought ſcandal
To Iſrael, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propenſe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, ſhame, and ſorrow,
The anguiſh of my ſoul, that ſuffers not
Mine eye to harbour ſleep, or thoughts to reſt.
This only hope relieves me, that the ſtrife
With me hath end; all the contéſt is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath preſum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter liſts with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be ſure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will ariſe and his great name aſſert:
Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive
Such a diſcomfit, as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted trophies won on me,
And with confuſion blank his worſhipers. [words
MAN. With cauſe this hope relieves thee, and theſe

I as

I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Againſt all competition, nor will long
Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what ſhall be done?
Thou muſt not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miſerable loathſome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To ſome Philiſtian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ranſome: well they may by this
Have ſatisfied their utmoſt of revenge
By pains and ſlaveries, worſe than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canſt do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that propoſal, Father, ſpare the trouble
Of that ſolicitation; let me here,
As I deſerve, pay on my puniſhment;
And expiate, if poſſible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the ſecrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deſerving
Contempt, and ſcorn of all, to be excluded
All friendſhip, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool ſet on his front!
But I God's counſel have not kept, his holy ſecret
Preſumptuouſly have publiſh'd, impiouſly,
Weakly at leaſt, and ſhamefully: a ſin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,

But act not in thy own affliction, Son:
Repent the ſin; but if the puniſhment
Thou canſt avoid, ſelf-preſervation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high diſpoſal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyſelf; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Beſt pleas'd with humble and filial ſubmiſſion)
Him who imploring mercy ſues for life,
Than who ſelf-rigorous chooſes death as due;
Which argues over-juſt, and ſelf-diſpleas'd
For ſelf-offenſe, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath ſet before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his ſacred houſe,
Where thou mayſt bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAMS. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? When in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The ſons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell

Of

Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who ſhore me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shav'n, and diſarm'd among mine enemies.

CHO. Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldſt repreſs, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the ſmell,
Or taſte that chears the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool cryſtallin ſtream.

SAM's. Wherever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHO. O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook!

SAMS. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Againſt another object more enticing? [plete
What boots it at one gate to make defenſe,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which meaſs,

Now blind, diſhearten'd, ſham'd, diſhonor'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to ſit idle on the houſhold hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe cluſtering down,
Vain monument of ſtrength; till length of years
And ſedentary numneſs craze my limbs
To a contemptible old-age obſcure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervile food
Conſume me, and oft-invoked death
Haſten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then ſerve the Philiſtines with that gift
Which was expreſly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt t' allay
After the brunt of battel, can as eaſy
Cauſe light again within thy eyes to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better than thou haſt;
And I perſuade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Miraculous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus.

SAMS. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,

But

But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial ſpirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of herſelf,
My race of glory run, and race of ſhame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.
MAN. Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions, which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind and humors black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Muſt not omit a father's timely care
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſome, or how elſe: mean while be calm,
And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.
SAMS. O that torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind,
There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her pureſt ſpirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring diſeaſe,
But finding no redreſs, ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangrene,
To black mortification.

Thoughts

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly ſtings
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſwage,
Nor breath of vernal air from ſnowy Alp.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of Heav'n's deſertion.
I was his nurſling once and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpleſs with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.
Nor am I in the liſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, ſpeedy death,
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the ſayings of the wiſe

In

In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the trueſt fortitude:
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Conſolotaries writ
With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint;
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above,
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou tow'ards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contrarious,
Temper'ſt thy providence through his ſhort courſe,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ſt
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering looſe about
Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To ſome great work, thy glory,
And people's ſafety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft

Amidſt

Amidſt their highth of noon
Changeſt thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of higheſt favors paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.
Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high,
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcaſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;
Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If theſe they ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old-age;
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuffering
The puniſhment of diſſolute days: in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy ſtrength, and mighty miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in this ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labors, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.
But who is this, what thing of ſea or land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,
That ſo bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,

Comes

Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus, bound for th' iles
Of Javan or Gadire
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber ſent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich Philiſtian matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.

SAMS. My Wife, my Traitreſs, let her not come

CHO. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands, and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,
And words addreſs'd ſeem into tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilken veil:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, Samſon,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event than I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, though my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on deſirous to behold

Once

Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,
If ought in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe
My raſh but more unfortunate miſdeed.
SAMS. Out, out, Hyæna; theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her huſband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed ſkill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;
That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd
With goodneſs principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Entangled with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example.
DAL. Yet hear me, Samſon; not that I endevor
To leſſen or extenuate my offenſe,
But that on th' other ſide if it be weigh'd
By itſelf, with aggravations not ſurcharg'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if poſſible, thy pardon find

The

The eaſier towards me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?
To what I did thou ſhow'dſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not:
Nor ſhould'ſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parle
So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, than in thyſelf was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſy of love, pow'rful of ſway
In human hearts, nor leſs in mine tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou would'ſt leave me
As her at Timna, ſought by all means therefore
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by impórtuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my power
The key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd

Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's priſoner, not the Philiſtines,
Whole to myſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in love's law have paſt for good,
Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

SAMS. How cunningly the ſorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myſelf was falſe ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd: weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it, weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,

What

What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Inceſtuous, ſacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfy thy luſt: love ſeeks to' have love;
My love how could'ſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
Or by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

DAL. Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,
What ſieges girt me round, ere I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt-reſolv'd of men,
The conſtanteſt, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the magiſtrates
And princes of my country came in perſon,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honorable, how glorious to intrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to inſnare an irreligious
Diſhonorer of Dagon; what had I

T' oppoſe againſt ſuch pow'rful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in ſilence all theſe reaſons
With hard conteſt: at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men, that to the public good
Private reſpects muſt yield, with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty ſo injoining.

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, ſmooth hypocriſy.
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Been, as it ought, ſincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation choſe thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for thy huſband,
Then, as ſince then, thy country's foe profeſs'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if ought againſt my life
Thy country ſought of thee, it ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew

Of

Of men conſpiring to uphold their ſtate
By worſe than hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be' obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To pleaſe thy Gods thou didſt it; Gods unable
T' acquit themſelves and proſecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colors failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul muſt thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.

SAMS. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too raſh, and quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, Samſon,
Afford me place to ſhow what recompenſe
Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,
Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
T' afflict thyſelf in vain: though ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights
At home in leiſure and domeſtic eaſe,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee

From forth this loathſome priſon-houſe, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd, and ſo ſupply'd,
That what by me thou' haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.

SAMS. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain:
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurs'd,
To bring my feet again into the ſnare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my coſt, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair inchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wiſdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear againſt thy ſorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'ſt hate me
Thy huſband, ſlight me, ſell me, and forego me;
How wouldſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd,
And laſt neglected? How wouldſt thou inſult,
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloſs upon, and cenſuring, frown or ſmile?
This jail I count the houſe of liberty
To thine, whoſe doors my feet ſhall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy hand.

SAMS.

SAMS. Not for thy life, leſt fierce remembrance wake
My ſudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At diſtance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falſhood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illuſtrious women, faithful wives:
Cheriſh thy haſten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewel.

DAL. I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers, than winds and ſeas, yet winds to ſeas
Are reconcil'd at length, and ſea to ſhore:
Thy anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal tempeſt never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myſelf, and ſuing
For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt
Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blaſt proclames moſt deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſhood moſt unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I moſt deſire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Aſdod, and in Gath,

I ſhall be nam'd among the famouſeſt
Of women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to ſave
Her country from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odors viſited and annual flowers;
Not leſs renown'd than in mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote Siſera ſleeping through the temples nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it hainous to enjoy
The public marks of honor and reward,
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to' have ſhown.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHO. She's gone, a manifeſt ſerpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMS. So let her go, God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecreſy, my ſafety, and my life.

CHO. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange
After offenſe returning, to regain [power,
Love once poſſeſs'd, nor can be eaſily
Repuls'd, without much inward paſſion felt
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery indangering life.

CHO. It is not virtue, wiſdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit

That

That woman's love can win or long inhaert;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one thy
Or seven, though one should musing it.
If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosly disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestin, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry inslav'd

With

With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly' and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck
Imbark'd with ſuch a ſteers-mate at the helm?
Favor'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domeſtic good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove,
Moſt ſhines and moſt is acceptable above.
Therefore God's univerſal law
Gave to the man deſpotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lour:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.
But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?

SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHO. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.

SAMS. Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.

CHO. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture than when firſt I ſaw

The

The ſumptuous Dalila floting this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
CHO. His fraught we ſoon ſhall know, he now arrives.
HAR. I come not, Samſon, to condole thy chance,
As theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of ſtock renown'd
As Og or Anak and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held, thou know'ſt me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent on the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or liſted field;
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.
SAMS. The way to know were not to ſee but taſte.
HAR. Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To' have wrought ſuch wonders with an aſs's jaw;
I ſhould have forc'd thee ſoon with other arms,
Or left thy carcaſs where the aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory' of proweſs been recover'd
To Paleſtine, won by a Philiſtine,
From the unforeſkin'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
The higheſt name for valiant acts; that honor

Certain

Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out. [do

SAMS. Boaſt not of what thou wouldſt have done, but
What then thou wouldſt, thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I diſdain,
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be touch'd.

SAMS. Such uſage as your honorable lords
Afford me' aſſaſſinated and betray'd,
Who durſt not with their whole united powers
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the houſe with chamber ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attack me, no not ſleeping
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where ſight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of braſs, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-braſs and greves, and gauntlet, add thy ſpear,
A weaver's beam, and ſeven-times-folded ſhield,
I only with an oaken ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long ſhall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhalt wiſh thyſelf at Gath to boaſt
Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To Samſon, but ſhalt never ſee Gath more.

HAR. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms,
Which greateſt heroes have in battle worn,

Their

Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black inchantments, ſome magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong, which thou from Heaven
Feign'dſt at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMS. I know no ſpells, uſe no forbidden arts;
My truſt is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe magic ſpells,
Which I to be the power of Iſrael's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the teſt,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmoſt of his Godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.

HAR. Preſume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into

Into the common priſon, there to grind
Among the ſlaves and aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boiſterous locks, no worthy match
For valor to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble warrior, ſo to ſtain his honor,
But by the barber's razor beſt ſubdued.

SAMS. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Iſrael's ſons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou doſt thy God, in truſting
He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

SAMS. Tongue-doughty Giant, how doſt thou prove me theſe?

HAR. Is not thy nation ſubject to our lords?
Their magiſtrates confeſs'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murder on thoſe thirty men
At Aſcalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber ſtripp'dſt them of their robes?
The Philiſtines, when thou hadſt broke the league,

Went

Went up with armed powers thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil.
SAMS. Among the daughters of the Philiſtines
I choſe a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feaſt:
But your ill-meaning politician lords
Under pretence of bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty ſpies,
Who threatning cruel death conſtrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my ſecret,
That ſolv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all ſet on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hoſtility, and took their ſpoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was ſubjected to your lords.
It was the force of conqueſt; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private perſon, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, preſum'd
Single rebellion, and did hoſtile acts.
I was no private but a perſon rais'd
With ſtrength ſufficient and command from Heaven
To free my country; if their ſervile minds
Me their deliverer ſent would not receive,
But to their maſters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they ſerve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n aſſign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offenſe
Had not diſabled me, not all your force:

Theſe

Theſe ſhifts refuted, anſwer thy appellant
Though by his blindneſs maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to ſingle fight,
As a petty enterpriſe of ſmall enforce.
HAR. With thee, a man condemn'd, a ſlave inroll'd,
Due by the law to capital puniſhment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.
SAMS. Cam'ſt thou for this, vain boaſter, to ſurvey me,
To déſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.
HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonors, and not render death?
SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.
HAR. This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.
SAMS. Go, baffled coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low,
Or ſwing thee in the air, then daſh thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.
HAR. By Aſtaroth ere long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries in irons loaden on thee.
CHO. His giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt-faln,
Stalking with leſs unconſcionable ſtrides,
And lower looks, but in a ſultry chafe.
SAMS. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five ſons,
All of gigantic ſize, Goliah chief.

CHO.

CHO. He will directly to the lords, I fear
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.
SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the' offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
CHO. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honor truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats

With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigor arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, ſurpris'd,
Loſe their defence diſtracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exerciſe
Of ſaints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might indued
Above the ſons of men: but ſight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thoſe
Whom patience finally muſt crown.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
Laboring thy mind
More than the working-day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A ſcepter or quaint ſtaff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look.
By his habit I diſcern him now
A public Officer, and now at hand.
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.

OFF.

OFF. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samſon here I ſeek.
CHO. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.
OFF. Samſon, to thee our lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to Dagon is a ſolemn feaſt,
With ſacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy ſtrength they know ſurpaſſing human rate,
And now ſome public proof thereof require
To honor this great feaſt, and great aſſembly;
Riſe therefore with all ſpeed and come along,
Where I will ſee thee hearten'd and freſh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illuſtrious lords.
SAMS. Thou know'ſt I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them
Our Law forbids at their religious rites
My preſence; for that cauſe I cannot come.
OFF. This anſwer, be aſſur'd, will not content them.
SAMS. Have they not ſword-players, and every ſort
Of gymnic artiſts, wreſtlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they muſt pick me out with ſhackles tir'd,
And over-labor'd at their public mill,
To make them ſport with blind activity?
Do they not ſeek occaſion of new quarrels
On my refuſal to diſtreſs me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ſt, I will not come.
OFF. Regard thyſelf; this will offend them highly.
SAMS. Myſelf? my conſcience and internal peace.
Can they think me ſo broken, ſo debas'd
With corporal ſervitude, that my mind ever

Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch engins to aſſail
And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier faſten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through their ſtreets
Like a wild beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters' commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men!)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

OFF. I praiſe thy reſolution: doff theſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favor, and perhaps to ſet thee free.

SAMS. Brethren, farewel; your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them,
I know not: lords are lordlieſt in their wine;
And the well-feaſted prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion ſeem concern'd;
No leſs the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing diſhonorable, impure, unworthy

Our

Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myſelf,
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.
CHO. Go, and the holy One
Of Iſrael be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, and ſpread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that Spirit that firſt ruſh'd on thee
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need:
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been ſeen!
But wherefore comes old Manoah in ſuch haſte
With youthful ſteps? much livelier than ere-while
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his ſon,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news?
MAN. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at preſent here to find my ſon,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feaſt.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Leſt I ſhould ſee him forc'd to things unſeemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.

CHO. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; ſay, reverend Sire, we thirſt to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the high ſtreet paſſing,
With ſupplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ranſom for my ſon their pris'ner.
Some much averſe I found and wondrous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverenc'd Dagon and his prieſts:
Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They eaſily would ſet to ſale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to miſery beneath their fears,
The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
If ſome convenient ranſom were propos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the ſky.

CHO. Doubtleſs the people ſhouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

MAN. His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I ſhall chooſe
To live the pooreſt in my tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I ſhall want nothing.

CHO.

CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their ſons,
Thou for thy ſon art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurſe their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy ſon
Made older than thy age through eye-ſight loſt.
MAN. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, ennobled
With all thoſe high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks
That of a nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And, I perſuade me, God had not permitted
His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair
Garriſon'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful ſoldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him further yet in ſome great ſervice,
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift
Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.
CHO. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.
MAN. I know your friendly minds, and---O what
Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noiſe was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former ſhout.
CHO. Noiſe call you it, or univerſal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,
Ruin, deſtruction at the utmoſt point.

MAN.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noiſe:
Oh it continues, they have ſlain my ſon.
CHO. Thy ſon is rather ſlaying them, that outcry
From ſlaughter of one foe could not aſcend.
MAN. Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do? ſtay here, or run and ſee?
CHO. Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philiſtines is fall'n;
From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if, his eye-ſight (for to Iſrael's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way?
MAN. That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.
CHO. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?
MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain ſubſcribe, and tempts belief.
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.
CHO. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An Hebrew, as I gueſs, and of our tribe.
MESS. O whither ſhall I run, or which way fly
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle,
Which erſt my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination ſtill purſues me.

But

But providence or inſtinct of nature ſeems,
Or reaſon though diſturb'd, and ſcarce conſulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee firſt, reverend Manoah, and to theſe
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at ſome diſtance from the place of horror,
So in the ſad event too much concern'd.

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou ſeeſt we long to know.

MESS. It would burſt forth, but I recover breath
And ſenſe diſtract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the ſum, the circumſtance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet ſtands, but all her ſons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Sad, but thou know'ſt to Iſraelites not ſaddeſt,
The deſolation of a hoſtile city.

MESS. Feed on that firſt, there may in grief be ſurfeit.

MAN. Relate by whom.

MESS. By Samſon.

MAN. That ſtill leſſens
The ſorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS. Ah Manoah, I refrain too ſuddenly
To utter what will come at laſt too ſoon;
Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear ſhould pierce too deep.

MAN. Suſpenſe in news is torture, ſpeak them out.

MESS. Take then the worſt in brief, Samſon is dead.

MAN. The worſt indeed, O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death who ſets all free

Hath

Hath paid his ranſom now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's froſt!
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he; death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell thou ſay'ſt, by whom fell he,
What glorious hand gave Samſon his death's wound?

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with ſlaughter then, or how? explain.

MESS. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his foes?

MESS. Inevitable cauſe,
At once both to deſtroy and be deſtroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to ſee him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thyſelf!
A dreadful way thou took'ſt to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confuſion, give us if thou canſt,
Eye-witneſs of what firſt or laſt was done,
Relation more particular and diſtinct.

MESS. Occaſions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with ſun-riſe,
The morning trumpets feſtival proclam'd
Through each high-ſtreet: little I had diſpatch'd,
When all abroad was rumor'd that this day

Samſon

Samſon ſhould be brought forth, to ſhow the people
Proof of his mighty ſtrength in feats and games;
I ſorrow'd at his captive ſtate, but minded
Not to be abſent at that ſpectacle.
The building was a ſpacious theatre
Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With ſeats where all the lords and each degree
Of ſort, might ſit in order to behold;
The other ſide was open, where the throng
On banks and ſcaffolds under ſky might ſtand;
I among theſe aloof obſcurely ſtood.
The feaſt and noon grew high, and ſacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear, and wine,
When to their ſports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samſon as a public ſervant brought,
In their ſtate livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each ſide went armed guards,
Both horſe and foot, before him and behind
Archers and ſlingers, cataphracts and ſpears.
At ſight of him, the people with a ſhout
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praiſe,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was ſet before him,
Which without help of eye might be aſſay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he ſtill perform'd
All with incredible, ſtupendous force,
None daring to appear antagoniſt.
At length for intermiſſion ſake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requeſted

(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport.
He unſuſpicious led him; which when Samſon
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes faſt fix'd he ſtood, as one who pray'd,
Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At laſt with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord ſuch other trial
I mean to ſhow you of my ſtrength, yet greater;
As with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold.
This utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and water pents,
When mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſy pillars
With horrible convulſion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he ſhook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counſellors, or prieſts,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philiſtian city round,
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this feaſt.
Samſon with theſe immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only ſcap'd who ſtood without.

CHO. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!

Living

Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To Iſrael, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life hath ſlain before.
1 SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and ſublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright ſanctuary:
Among them he a ſpi'rit of phrenzy ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer;
They only ſet on ſport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves t' invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.
2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd

From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched rooſts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſs'd, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imboſt,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocauſt,
From out her aſhy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives
A ſecular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cauſe; Samſon hath quit himſelf
Like Samſon, and heroicly hath finiſh'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the ſons of Caphtor
Through all Philiſtian bounds, to Iſrael
Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion;
To' himſelf and father's houſe eternal fame;
And which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favoring and aſſiſting to the end.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſt, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe, or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok'd in his enemies' blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clotted gore. I with what ſpeed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to ſay us nay)
Will ſend for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and ſolemnly attend
With ſilent obſequy and funeral train
Home to his father's houſe: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with ſhade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or ſweet lyric ſong.
Thither ſhall all the valiant youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame their breaſts
To matchleſs valor, and adventures high:
The virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.

CHO. All is beſt, though we oft doubt,
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,

And to his faithful champion hath in place
Borne witneſs glorioufly; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontrolable intent;
His ſervants he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind, all paſſion ſpent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.

POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES,

BY

Mr. JOHN MILTON.

" —— Baccare frontem
" Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro."
VIRGIL, Eclog. vii.

To the firſt edition of the author's poems, printed in 1645, was prefixed the following advertiſement of

The STATIONER to the READER.

IT is not any private reſpect of gain, gentle Reader, for the ſlighteſt pamphlet is now-a-days more vendible than the works of learnedeſt men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and ſet forth ſuch pieces both in proſe and verſe, as may renew the wonted honor and eſteem of our Engliſh tongue: and it's the worth of theſe both Engliſh and Latin poems, not the floriſh of any prefixed encomiums, that can invite thee to buy them, though theſe are not without the higheſt commendations and applauſe of the learnedeſt Academics, both domeſtic and foreign; and amongſt thoſe of our own country, the unparallel'd atteſtation of that renown'd Provoſt of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palate how it reliſhes ſuch dainties, nor how harmonious thy ſoul is; perhaps more trivial airs may pleaſe thee better. But howſoever thy opinion is ſpent upon theſe, that encouragement I have already received from the moſt ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, preſenting it with theſe ever-green, and not to be blaſted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in theſe ſtudies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to ſolicit them from

him. Let the event guide itſelf which way it will, I ſhall deſerve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the Muſes have brought forth ſince our famous Spenſer wrote; whoſe poems in theſe Engliſh ones are as rarely imitated, as ſweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to cenſure their worth, I am not fearful to expoſe them to thy exacteſt peruſal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

POEMS on ſeveral OCCASIONS.

I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough*.

I.

O Faireſt flower no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken primroſe fading timeleſſy,
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadſt out-laſted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy bloſſom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

* This elegy was not inſerted in the firſt edition of the author's poems printed in 1645, but was added in the ſecond edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In ſome editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough:* but the ſequel ſhows plainly that the child was not a *nephew*, but a *niece*, and conſequently a daughter of his ſiſter Philips, and probably her firſt child.

II.

For ſince grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boiſtrous rape th' Athenian damſel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewiſe he ſome fair-one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from far:
There ended was his queſt, there ceas'd his care.
Down he deſcended from his ſnow-ſoft chair,
But all unwares with his cold kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin ſoul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did ſlay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' ſtrand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that ſo to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?

Oh

Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhow'd thou waſt divine.

VI.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high firſt-moving ſphere,
Or in th' Elyſian fields (if ſuch there were)
Oh ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou ſome ſtar which from the ruin'd roof
Of ſhak'd Olympus by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtall?
Or did of late earth's ſons beſiege the wall
Of ſheeny Heav'n, and thou ſome Goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid who once before
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron ſage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world ſome good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoſt,
Who having clad thyſelf in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed ſeat didſt poſt,
And after ſhort abode fly back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhow what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire?

X.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart?
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of ſo ſweet a Child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild.
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent!
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's laſt end ſhall make thy name to live.

II.

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exerciſe in the college, part Latin, part Engliſh. The Latin ſpeeches ended, the Engliſh thus began *.

HAIL native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endevoring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounc'd, ſlide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:
But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure,
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and trimming ſlight,
Which takes our late fantaſtics with delight,

* Theſe verſes were made in 1627, that being the 19th year of the author's age; and they were not in the edition of 1645, but were firſt added in the edition of 1673.

But

But cull thoſe richeſt robes, and gay'ſt attire
Which deepeſt ſpirits and choiceſt wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt array;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair aſſembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Liſtening to what unſhorn Apollo ſings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly ſire:
Then paſſing through the ſpheres of watchful fire,
And miſty regions of wide air next under
And hills of ſnow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wiſe Demodocus once told
In ſolemn ſongs at king Alcinoüs' feaſt,
While ſad Ulyſſes' ſoul and all the reſt

Are

Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my room.

Then Ens is repreſented as father of the Predicaments his ten ſons, whereof the eldeſt ſtood for Subſtance with his canons, which Ens, thus ſpeaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drouſy nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the room where thou didſt lie,
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy bed
Strow all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhouldſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible:
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wiſely could preſage,
And in time's long and dark proſpective glaſs
Foreſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs;
Your ſon, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.

O'er

O'er all his brethren he ſhall reign as king,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet, being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers ſhall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And peace ſhall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring war ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality ſpake in proſe, then Relation was call'd by his name.

RIVERS ariſe; whether thou be the ſon
Of utmoſt Tweed, or Ooſe, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like ſome earth-born giant ſpreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or ſullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn ſwift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of ſedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway ſmooth, or royal towred Thame.

[The reſt was proſe.]

III.

On the MORNING of CHRIST'S NATIVITY. Compos'd 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy ſages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the courts of everlaſting day,
And choſe with us a darkſome houſe of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the ſun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eaſtern road
The ſtar-led wiſards haſte with odors ſweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honor firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out his ſecret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had dofft her gawdy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the ſun her luſty paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent ſnow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The ſaintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III. But

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal peace through ſea and land.

IV.

No war, or battel's ſound
Was heard the world around:
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And kings ſat ſtill with awful eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whiſt
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſpering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The ſtars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in ſtedfaſt gaze,
  Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The ſun himſelf withheld his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferior flame
  The new inlighten'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater ſun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

VIII.

The ſhepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
  Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſy keep.

IX. When

IX.

When ſuch muſic ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsful rapture took:
The air, ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echoes ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's ſeat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplay'd,
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such muſic (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His conſtellations ſet,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye cryſtal Spheres,
Once bleſs our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the baſe of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th' angelic ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy ſong
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckled Vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV. Yea

XV.

Yea Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
'Thron'd in celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering,
And Heav'n, as at ſome feſtival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The babe lies yet in ſmiling infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorify:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and ſmouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged earth aghaſt,
With terror of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the center ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle air ſhall ſpread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground,
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell,
Inſpires the pale-ey'd prieſt from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent;
With flower-inwoven treſſes torn
The Nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI. In

XXI.

In conſecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the Flamens at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted ſeat.

XII.

Peor and Baälim
Forſake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Paleſtine;
And mooned Aſhtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now ſits not girt with tapers' holy ſhine;
The Libyc Hammon ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dread
His burning idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the griſly king,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh Gods of Nile as faſt,
Iſis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haſte.

XXIV.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian grove or green,
  Trampling the unſhower'd graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
  Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide
Longer dare abide,
  Not Typhon huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our babe, to ſhow his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling-bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the ſun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
  Each fetter'd ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-ſkirted Fayes
Fly after the night-ſteeds, leaving their moon-lov'd
  maze.

XXVII. But

XXVII.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt
Hath laid her Babe to reſt,
Time is our tedious ſong ſhould here have ending:
Heaven's youngeſt teemed ſtar
Hath fix'd her poliſh'd car,
Her ſleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly ſtable
Bright-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

I.

ERE WHILE of muſic, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my harp to notes of ſaddeſt woe,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeize ere long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Moſt perfect Hero, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He ſovran Prieſt ſtooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooſt beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his brethren's ſide.

IV.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings other-where are found;
Loud o'er the reſt Cremona's trump doth ſound;
Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of lute, or viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, beſt patroneſs of grief,
Over the pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting Cherub feels,

To

To bear me where the towers of Salem ſtood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
  There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad ſepulchral rock
That was the caſket of Heav'n's richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the ſoften'd quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
  For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)
  Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This ſubject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfied with what was begun, left it unfiniſh'd.

V.

ON TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For whereas each thing bad thou haſt intomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme throne
Of him, t' whoſe happy-making ſight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided ſoul ſhall climb,
Then all this earthy groſſneſs quit,
Attir'd with ſtars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
That erſt with muſic, and triumphant ſong,
Firſt heard by happy watchful ſhepherds' ear,
So ſweetly ſung your joy the clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to ſeize!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt!
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great covenant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Entirely ſatisfied,
And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious ſiſters, Voice and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſy preſent
That undiſturbed ſong of pure concent,
Ay ſung before the ſapphire-color'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With ſaintly ſhout and ſolemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celeſtial concert us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light!

VIII.

An EPITAPH on the Marchioneſs of Wincheſter*.

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honor'd wife of Wincheſter,
A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Beſides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than ſhe could own from earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told; alas too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death.
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praiſe,
Nature and fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and her graces ſweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her requeſt
The God that ſits at marriage feaſt;
He at their invoking came
But with a ſcarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he ſtood
Ye might diſcern a cypreſs-bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely ſon,

* Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Viſcount Savage of Rock-Savage.

And now with ſecond hope ſhe goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by miſchance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorſeleſs cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapleſs babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languiſh'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New ſhot up from vernal ſhower;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And thoſe pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears,
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſtening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeize thee evermore,
That to give the world increaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own life's leaſe!
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble houſe doth bring,

Here

Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And ſome flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy herſe, to ſtrow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſitſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair Syrian ſhepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly-favor'd Joſeph bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail, bounteous May, that doſt inſpire
Mirth and youth and warm deſire;

Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

X.

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakeſpear for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid,
Under a ſtar-ypointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavoring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepúlcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

XI.

On the UNIVERSITY CARRIER;

Who ſicken'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reaſon of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobſon; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He 's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And ſurely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his lateſt inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
Hobſon has ſupt, and 's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the ſame.

HERE lieth one, who did moſt truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jog on and keep his trot,

Made of ſphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And, like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtrait.
Reſt, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he ſicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the croſs doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdenſome,
That ev'n to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſs'd to death, he cry'd, More weight!
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the ſeas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this ſuperſcription.

L'ALLEGRO.

XIII.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſtening how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbering morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:

Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocs green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plow-man near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſithe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The laboring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreſſes;

And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecs ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by frier's lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſwet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flale hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

Towred

Towred cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream,
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Jonſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that ty
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed

Of

Of heapt Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likelieſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe faintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties' praiſe above

The

The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;

But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drouſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,

Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale carreer,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounct as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud.
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſſling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſter's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell

Of every ſtar that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

XV.

ARCADES *.

Part of an Entertainment preſented to the Counteſs Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by ſome noble perſons of her family, who appear on the ſcene in paſtoral habit, moving toward the ſeat of ſtate, with this Song.

1. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry,
Too divine to be miſtook:
This, this is ſhe
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend;
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.

* This poem is only *part* of an Entertainment, or *Maſk*, as it is alſo intitled in Milton's Manuſcript, the reſt probably being of a different nature, or compoſed by a different hand.

Fame,

Fame, that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe;
  Leſs than half we find expreſt,
  Envy bid conceal the reſt.

Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreads,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like ſilver threads:
This, this is ſhe alone,
  Sitting like a Goddeſs bright,
  In the center of her light.

Might ſhe the wiſe Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
  Who had thought this clime had held
  A deity ſo unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears, and, turning toward them, ſpeaks.

GENIUS.

STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this diſguiſe,
I ſee bright honor ſparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine Alpheus, who by ſecret ſluce
Stole under ſeas to meet his Arethuſe;

And ye, the breathing roſes of the wood,
Fair ſilver-buſkin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in honor and devotion meant
To the great miſtreſs of yon princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this night's glad ſolemnity;
And lead you where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurſe the ſaplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I ſave from nightly ill
Of noiſome winds, and blaſting vapors chill:
And from the boughs bruſh off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the croſs dire-looking planet ſmites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumbering leaves, or taſſel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs;
But elſe in deep of night, when drowſineſs

Hath

Hath lock'd up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial Syrens' harmony,
That ſit upon the nine infolded ſpheres,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the adamantin ſpindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſic lie,
To lull the daughters of Neceſſity,
And keep unſteddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mold with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch muſic worthieſt were to blaze
The peerleſs highth of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds; yet, as we go,
Whate'er the ſkill of leſſer Gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
Where you may all that are of noble ſtem
Approach and kiſs her ſacred veſture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring,
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching elm ſtar-proof.

Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

III. SONG.

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
By ſandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loſs deplore,
A better ſoil ſhall give you thanks.
From the ſtony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's miſtreſs were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

XVI.

A

MASK

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

The EARL of BRIDGEWATER, then Preſident of WALES.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Thyrſis.
COMUS with his crew.
The LADY.
Firſt BROTHER,
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA the Nymph.

The chief perſons who preſented were,

The Lord BRACKLY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The

The Maſk was preſented in 1634, and conſequently in the 20th year of our author's age. In the title-page of the firſt edition, printed in 1637, it is ſaid that it was preſented *on Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

"Eheu quid volui miſero mihi! floribus auſtrum
"Perditus ——"

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Maſk the following dedication.

To the Right Honorable

JOHN Lord Viſcount BRACKLY, ſon and heir apparent to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its firſt occaſion of birth from yourſelf and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own perſon in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itſelf to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, ſo lovely, and ſo much deſired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my ſeveral friends ſatisfaction, and brought me to a neceſſity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to thoſe fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promiſing youth, which give a full

rance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, ſweet Lord, to be the honor of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to your moſt honor'd parents; and as in this repreſentation your attendant Thyrſis, ſo now in all real expreſſion

Your faithful and moſt

humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

A MASK.

A MASK.

The firſt Scene diſcovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

BEFORE the ſtarry threſhold of Jove's court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal ſhapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live inſpher'd
In regions mild of calm and ſerene air,
Above the ſmoke and ſtir of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feveriſh being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true ſervants
Amongſt the enthron'd Gods on ſainted ſeats.
Yet ſome there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity:
To ſuch my errand is; and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure ambroſial weeds
With the rank vapors of this ſin-worn mold.
But to my taſk. Neptune, beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt flood, and each ebbing ſtream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the ſea-girt iles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay

The

The unadorned boſom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral government,
And gives them leave to wear their ſapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Ile,
The greateſt and the beſt of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling ſun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's ſtate,
And new-intruſted ſcepter; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering paſſenger;
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from ſovran Jove
I was diſpatch'd for their defenſe and guard;
And liſten why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or ſong,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that firſt from out the purple grape
Cruſh'd the ſweet poiſon of miſ-uſed wine,
After the Tuſcan mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the Tyrrhene ſhore, as the winds liſted,
On Circe's iland fell: (Who knows not Circe
The daughter of the ſun? whoſe charm'd cup
Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,

And

And downward fell into a groveling ſwine;
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluſtering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his ſweet youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a ſon
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who, ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At laſt betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a cryſtal glaſs,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taſte,
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemperate thirſt)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
Th' expreſs reſemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into ſome brutiſh form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul diſfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſty.
Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
Chances to paſs through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the ſparkle of a glancing ſtar
I ſhoot from Heav'n, to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off

Theſe my ſky robes ſpun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeneſs of a ſwain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft-pipe, and ſmooth dittied ſong,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps. I muſt be viewleſs now.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glaſs in the other; with him a rout of monſters, headed like ſundry ſorts of wild beaſts, but otherwiſe like men and women, their apparel gliſtering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with torches in their hands.

COM. The ſtar that bids the ſhepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the ſteep Atlantic ſtream,
And the ſlope ſun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the duſky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the eaſt.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipſy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.

Rigor

Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and four Severity,
With their grave ſaws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the ſtarry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful ſpheres,
Lead in ſwift round the months and years.
The ſounds and ſeas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny ſands and ſhelves
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes ſin,
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddeſs of nocturnal ſport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of midnight torches burns; myſterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd prieſts, till utmoſt end

They had engag'd their wandering ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, ere they could return,
Had ſtole them from me; elſe, O thieviſh Night,
Why ſhould'ſt thou, but for ſome felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus cloſe up the ſtars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my liſtening ear,
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling ſhapes, and beckoning ſhadows dire,
And aery tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On ſands, and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, conſcience.---
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh'd form of Chaſtity;
I ſee you viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſtering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?

I did

I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new inliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy aery ſhell,
By ſlow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the ſphere,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe ſuch divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they flote upon the wings

Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidſt the flowery-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf;
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs,
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the Goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with Pan, or Sylvan, by bleſt ſong
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall wood.

LA. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſs'd to unattending ears;
Not any boaſt of ſkill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſy couch. [thus?

COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you

LA. Dim darkneſs, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM.

COM. Could that divide you from near-uſhering guides?

LA. They left me weary on a graſſy turf.

COM. By falſhood, or diſcourteſy, or why?

LA. To ſeek i'th' valley ſome cool friendly ſpring.

COM. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, Lady?

LA. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COM. Perhaps fore-ſtalling night prevented them.

LA. How eaſy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?

LA. No leſs than if I ſhould my Brothers loſe.

COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LA. As ſmooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COM. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labor'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwinkt hedger at his ſupper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood:
I took it for a faëry viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtruck,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LA. Gentle Villager,

What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
COM. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
LA. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of ſtar-light,
Would overtaſk the beſt land-pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.
COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild wood,
And every boſky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your ſtray-attendence be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofted lark
From her thatcht pallat rouſe; if otherwiſe,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt.
LA. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſy,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoky rafters, than in tap'ſtry halls
And courts of princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure,
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength! Shepherd, lead on.

The two BROTHERS.

1 BRO. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'ſt to love the traveller's benizon,

Stoop

Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a ruſh-candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long level'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynoſure.

2 BRO. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little chearing
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapleſs virgin, our loſt Sister,
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her bolſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

1 BRO. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,

What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion!
I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retir'd ſolitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

2 BRO. 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a ſenate houſe;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,

His few books, or his beads, or maple diſh,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of miſers' treaſure by an out-law's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte.
Of night, or lonelineſs it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Left ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned Siſter.

1 BRO. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Siſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſy:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My Siſter is not ſo defenſeleſs left
As you imagin; ſhe' has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

2 BRO. What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

1 BRO. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,

Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my Brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in cómplete ſteel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meager hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin, or ſwart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece
To teſtify the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o'th' woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,

Wherewith

Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by leud and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in charnel vaults, and ſepulchers,
Lingering, and ſitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

2 BRO. How charming is divine philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,

And

And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns.
1 BRO. Liſt, liſt, I hear
Some far off hallow break the ſilent air.
2 BRO. Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?
1 BRO. For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here,
Or elſe ſome neighbour wood-man, or, at worſt,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
2 BRO. Heav'n keep my Siſter! Again, again, and
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard. [near;
1 BRO. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defenſe is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendent Spirit, habited like a ſhepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron ſtakes elſe.
SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord? ſpeak again.
2 BRO. O brother, 'tis my father's ſhepherd, ſure.
1 BRO. Thyrſis? whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And ſweeten'd every muſkroſe of the dale.
How cam'ſt thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling wether the pent flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?
SPI.

SPI. O my lov'd maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich theſe downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?

1 BRO. To tell thee ſadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.

SPI. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 BRO. What fears, good Thyrſis? Pr'ythee briefly ſhew.

SPI. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)
What the ſage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire chimera's and inchanted iles,
And rifted rocks whoſe entrance leads to Hell;
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypreſs ſhades, a ſorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep ſkill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirſty wanderer
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmolding reaſon's mintage
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt

Tending

Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their ſupper on the ſavory herb
Of knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-ſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minſtrelſy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous diſſonance;
At which I ceas'd, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpit to the drouſy-flighted ſteeds,
That draw the litter of cloſe-curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere ſhe was ware, and wiſh'd ſhe might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be ſo diſplac'd. I was all ear,

And

And took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honor'd Lady, your dear Sifter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapleſs nightingale, thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haſte,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wiſard hid in ſly diſguiſe
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, ere my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſh'd prey,
Who gently aſk'd if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager.
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
Ye were the two ſhe meant; with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2 BRO. O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

1 BRO. Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely; not a period
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,

Virtue

Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory:
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt,
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come let's on.
Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heaven
May never this juſt ſword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the griſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

SPI. Alas! good ventrous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold empriſe;
But here thy ſword can do thee little ſtead;
Far other arms, and other weapons, muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of helliſh charms:
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

1 BRO. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd,
How durſt thou then thyſelf approach ſo near,

As

As to make this relation?

SPI. Care and utmoſt ſhifts
How to ſecure the Lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain ſhepherd lad,
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well ſkill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That ſpreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing;
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken ev'n to extaſy,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhow me ſimples of a thouſand names,
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties:
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this ſoil:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull ſwain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wiſe Ulyſſes gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of ſovran uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew, blaſt, or damp,
Or ghaſtly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though diſguis'd,

Enter'd

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſh'd blade, ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground,
But ſeiſe his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce ſign of battel make, and menace high,
Or like the ſons of Vulcan vomit ſmoke,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.

1 BRO. Thyrſis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And ſome good Angel bear a ſhield before us!

The Scene changes to a ſtately palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft muſic, tables ſpread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted chair, to whom he offers his glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.

COM. Nay, Lady, ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaſter,
And you a ſtatue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LA. Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacled, while Heav'n ſees good.

COM. Why

COM. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Briſk as the April buds in primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds,
With ſpi'rits of balm, and fragrant ſyrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of ſuch power to ſtir up joy as this,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her truſt,
And harſhly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will reſtore all ſoon.

LA. 'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty
That thou haſt baniſh'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou toldſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,

Theſe ugly-headed monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver;
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With viſor'd falſhood, and baſe forgery?
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With liquoriſh baits fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

COM. O fooliſhneſs of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the ſeas with ſpawn innumerable,
But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilk
To deck her ſons, and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worſhipt ore, and precious gems
To ſtore her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,

And

And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging maſter,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baſtards, not her ſons,
Who would be quite ſurcharg'd with her own weight,
And ſtrangled with her waſte fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The ſea o'erfraught would ſwell, and th' unſought diamonds
Would ſo imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And ſo beſtud with ſtars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laſt
To gaze upon the ſun with ſhameleſs brows.
Liſt, Lady, be not coy, and be not coſen'd
With that ſame vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, muſt not be horded,
But muſt be current, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partaken bliſs,
Unſavory in th' enjoyment of itſelf;
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and muſt be ſhown
In courts, in feaſts, and high ſolemnities,
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teaſe the huſwife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the morn?

There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.
LA. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding falſe rules prankt in reaſon's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe, good catereſs,
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd
In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit incumber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the ſun-clad power of Chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?

Thou

Thou haſt nor ear, nor ſoul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrin of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
Till all thy magic ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To ſome of Saturn's crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Againſt the canon laws of our foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſettlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all ſtrait, one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.---

The Brothers ruſh in with ſwords drawn, wreſt his glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in: The attendent Spirit comes in.

SPI. What, have you let the falſe inchanter ſcape?
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatcht his wand
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fix'd, and motionleſs:
Yet ſtay, be not diſturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth Severn ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome ſhe was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the ſcepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltleſs damſel, flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged ſtepdame Guendolen
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtrait to aged Nereus' hall,
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,

And

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrow'd with aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in ambroſial oils till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the river; ſtill ſhe retains
Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd medling elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of panſies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old ſwain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled ſong,
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,
In hard-beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent wave,
In twiſted braids of lilies knitting

The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Liſten for dear honor's ſake,
Goddeſs of the ſilver lake.
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-ſhaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majeſtic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wiſard's hook,
By ſcaly Triton's winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying Glaucus' ſpell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her ſon that rules the ſtrands,
By Thetis' tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the ſongs of Syrens ſweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

Sabrina

Sabrina riſes, attended by water-nymphs, and ſings.

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the oſier dank,
My ſliding chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with agat, and the azurn ſheen
Of turkis blue, and emrald green,
That in the channel ſtrays;
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet,
O'er the cowſlip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy requeſt
I am here.

SPI. Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity:
Brighteſt Lady, look on me;
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;

Next

Next this marble venom'd ſeat,
Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold;
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her ſeat.

SPI. Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchiſes' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drouth, or ſinged air,
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the ſorcerer us entice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground;

I ſhall

I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh'd preſence, and beſide
All the ſwains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance reſort;
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chear;
Come let us haſte, the ſtars grow high,
But night ſits monarch yet in the mid ſky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow town and the Preſident's caſtle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendent Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

SPI. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next ſun-ſhine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch court guiſe
As Mercury did firſt deviſe
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This

This ſecond Song preſents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a crown of deathleſs praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er ſenſual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that lie
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the ſky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the gardens fair
Of Heſperus, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;

That

That there eternal Summer dwells,
And weſt-winds with muſky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Caſſia's balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with Elyſian dew
(Liſt mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roſes,
Where young Adonis oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th' Aſſyrian queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial Cupid her fam'd ſon advanc'd,
Holds his dear Pſyche ſweet intranc'd,
After her wandering labors long,
Till free conſent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; ſo Jove hath ſworn.
But now my taſk is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the ſphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itſelf would ſtoop to her.

XVII. LYCI.

XVII.

LYCIDAS.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend *, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter on the Iriſh ſeas, 1637, and by occaſion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their highth.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſere,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He muſt not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.
Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.

* Mr. Edward King, ſon of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of our author.

Hence

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favor my deſtin'd urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the freſh dews of night
Oft till the ſtar that roſe, at evening, bright,
Tow'ard Heav'n's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel.
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our ſong.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and deſert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.
As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or

Or froſt to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loſs to ſhepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The Muſe herſelf for her inchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpi'rit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the fellon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguin flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,

The

The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two maſſy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies' ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers' feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoll'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace; and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engin at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return, Sicilian Muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flowrets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrow the laureat herſe where Lycid lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding ſeas
Waſh far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So Lycidas ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other ſtreams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſt kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to th' oaks and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with ſandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to freſh woods, and paſtures new.

XVIII.

The Fifth ODE * of HORACE, Lib. I.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa,"

Rendered almoſt word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin meaſure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT ſlender youth bedew'd with liquid odors
Courts thee on roſes in ſome pleaſant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and ſeas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful? Hapleſs they
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of ſea.

* Firſt added in the edition of 1673.

Ad

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis? Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

On the new Forcers of Conſcience under the Long PARLIAMENT*.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Plurality,
From them whoſe ſin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil ſword
To force our conſciences, that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whoſe life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high eſteem with Paul,
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By ſhallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worſe than thoſe of Trent,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholeſome and preventive ſhears
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And ſuccour our juſt fears,
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Preſbyter is but Old Prieſt writ large.

This alſo was firſt added in the edition of 1673.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Quol tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.

Quando

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Le'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi Amor meco insù la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſen
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonſi donne e giovani amoroſi
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi,
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d' amor, e come t'oſi?
Dinne, ſe la tua ſpeme ſia mai vana,
E de penſieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi

Altri

Altri lidi t'aſpettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, è il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſoléa
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian sì, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei voſtr' occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,

Mentre

Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſentì pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir ; io non ſo che ſi ſia :
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d' invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta ſonora, e delle muſe :
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arriv'd to the age of 23.

How ſoon hath Time, the ſubtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days fly on with full carreer,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure even
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great Taſk-maſter's eye.

VIII.

When the aſſault was intended to the City.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenſeleſs doors may ſeize,
If deed of honor did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy name o'er lands and ſeas,
Whatever clime the ſun's bright circle warms.

Lift

Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of ſad Electra's poet had the power
To ſave th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady, that in the prime of earlieſt youth
Wiſely hath ſhunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Choſen thou haſt; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

X.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of England's Council, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee.

And

And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till ſad the breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father floriſh'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, honor'd Margaret.

XI.

On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatiſes.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
The ſubject new; it walk'd the town a while,
Numbering good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp?
Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
That would have made Quintilian ſtare and graſp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
When thou taught'ſt Cambridge, and king Edward Greek.

XII. On

XII.

On the ſame.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, aſſes, apes, and dogs:
As when thoſe hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the ſun and moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we ſee
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. LAWES on his Airs.

Harry, whoſe tuneful and well-meaſur'd ſong
Firſt taught our Engliſh muſic how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With Midas' ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and ſkill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for envy to look wan;
To after-age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth air could'ſt humour beſt our tongue.

Thou

Thou honor'ſt verſe, and verſe muſt lend her wing
To honor thee, the prieſt of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'ſt their happieſt lines in hymn, or ſtory.
Dante ſhall give fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his Caſella, whom he woo'd to ſing,
Me tin the milder ſhades of purgatory.

XIV.

On the religious memory of
Mrs. CATHARINE THOMSON, my chriſtian friend,
Deceas'd 16 Decem. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt ſoul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth ſever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endevor
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
Love led them on, and faith, who knew them beſt,
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

XV.

To the Lord General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whoſe name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praiſe,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumors loud, that daunt remoteſt kings,
Thy firm unſhaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raiſe
Their Hydra heads, and the falſe North diſplays
Her broken league to imp their ſerpent wings.
O yet a nobler taſk awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endleſs war ſtill breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the ſhameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
While avarice and rapin ſhare the land.

XVI.

To the Lord General CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchleſs fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way haſt plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Haſt rear'd God's trophies, and his work purſued,
While Darwen ſtream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field reſounds thy praiſes loud,

And

And Worceſter's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; peace hath her victories
No leſs renown'd than war: new foes ariſe
Threatning to bind our ſouls with ſecular chains:
Help us to ſave free conſcience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whoſe goſpel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir HENRY VANE the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in ſage counſel old,
Than whom a better ſenator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to ſettle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow ſtates hard to be ſpell'd
Then to adviſe how war may beſt upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: beſides to know
Both ſpiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What ſevers each, thou haſt learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either ſword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldeſt ſon.

XVIII.

On the late maſſacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy ſlaughter'd ſaints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old,
When all our fathers worſhipt ſtocks and ſtones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy ſheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemonteſe, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant; that from theſe may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

On his blindneſs.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my ſoul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd?
I fondly aſk: But patience to prevent

That

That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoke, they ſerve him beſt: his ſtate
Is kingly; thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt;
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XX.

To Mr. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous ſon,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day, what may be won
From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run
On ſmoother, till Favonius re-inſpire
The frozen earth, and clothe in freſh attire
The lily' and roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attic taſte, with wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuſcan air?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XXI.

To CYRIAC SKINNER *.

Cyriac, whoſe grandſire on the royal bench
Of Britiſh Themis, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar ſo often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid reſt and Archimedes pauſe,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To meaſure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow:
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God ſends a chearful hour, refrains.

XXII.

To the ſame.

Cyriac, this three years day theſe eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereft of light, their ſeeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth ſight appear

* Son of William Skinner, Eſq; and grandſon of Sir Vincent Skinner; and his mother was Bridget, one of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.

Of

Of ſun, or moon, or ſtar, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but ſtill bear up and ſteer
Right onward. What ſupports me, doſt thou aſk?
The conſcience, Friend, to' have loſt them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble taſk,
Of which all Europe talks from ſide to ſide.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain maſk
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceaſed WIFE *.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd

* This was his ſecond wife, Catharine the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in child-bed of a daughter.

So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

XXIV.

On occasion of the PLAGUE in LONDON.

Found on a glass window at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton resided during the continuance of that calamity.

[From Birch's Life.]

Fair mirror of foul times; whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
(Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen)
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;
Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore,
For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. Done into verſe, 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muſe a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up ſtand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Againſt

Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſaid
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; aſk of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earth's utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With iron ſcepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potter's veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe at length, ye Kings averſe,
Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son, leſt he appear
In anger, and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay!

PSAL. III.

PSAL. III. Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their pavilions.
Riſe, Lord; ſave me, my God; for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs,
In ſtraits and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt prayer.
Great-ones, how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity;
To love, to ſeek, to prize
Things falſe and vain, and nothing elſe but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath choſe,
Choſe to himſelf apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chooſe he knows):
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs, and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay
Who yet will ſhow us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On

On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,
Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedneſs delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.

All

All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a ly;
The bloody' and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy houſe; I in thy fear
Will tow'rds thy holy temple worſhip low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs:
Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes;
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth;
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmooth.
God, find them guilty; let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
Him with thy laſting favor and good-will.

PSAL. VI.

PSAL. VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguiſh ake,
Are troubled, yea my ſoul is troubled ſore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs' ſake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of ſea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much confuſion; then grown red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſte the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Cuſh the Benjamite againſt him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Leſt as a lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my ſoul aſunder,
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not free'd my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt, and there out-ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonor foul.

Riſe, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouſe thyſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury' aſſwage;
Judgment here thou didſt engage
And command, which I deſire.

So

So th' aſſemblies of each nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who, both juſt and wiſe,
Saves th' upright of heart at laſt.

God is a juſt judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjuſt will not forbear,
His ſword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His miſchief, that due courſe doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin ſteep.

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the moſt high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praiſe to ſet
Out of the tender mouths of lateſt birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings thou
Haſt founded ſtrength becauſe of all thy foes,
To ſtint th' enemy, and ſlack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppoſe.

When

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
The moon and ſtars which thou ſo bright haſt ſet
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembreſt yet,

And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found?
Scarce to be leſs than Gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honor and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
Thou haſt put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or foreſt meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fiſh that through the wet
Sea paths in ſhoals do ſlide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the PSALMS done into Meter,

Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, tranſlated from the original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that doſt Iſrael *keep*,
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed;

That ſitſt between the Cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings out-ſpread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manaſſe's ſight,
Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen*
To ſave us *by thy might*.
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy † ſmoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Againſt thy people's prayer!
5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ſt them ‡ largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they ‖ laugh, they ‖ play,
And ‖ flouts at us they throw.
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
O God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

* *Gnorera.* † *Gnaſhanta.* ‡ *Shaliſh.* ‖ *Jilgnagu.*

8 A vine

8 A vine from Egypt thou haſt brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'ſt out nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.
9 Thou didſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at laſt.*
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *over-ſpread,*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the ſea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tuſked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy ſeat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* vine.

15 Viſit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the ſon of man, whom thou
Strong for thyſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe*,
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a ſong,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *chearful* pſaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring*.

3 Blow,

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty ſound*,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn feaſt *comes round*.
4 This was a ſtatute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change*,
When as he paſs'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toil*,
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry ſoil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in * thunder deep
With clouds incompaſs'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well*,
I teſtify to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to me,

* *Be Sether ragnam.*

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Aſk large enough, and I, *beſought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear*,
Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my people would *be wiſe*,
To ſerve me *all their days*,
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways.
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they*, *his people*, *ſhould remain*,
Their time ſhould have no end.

16 And

16 And he would feed them *from the ſhock* 65
With flower of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 GOD in the * great * aſſembly ſtands
Of kings and lordly ſtates,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye ‡ pervert the right 5
With ‡ judgment falſe and wrong,
Favoring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong?
3 || Regard the || weak and fatherleſs,
|| Diſpatch the || poor man's cauſe, 10
And ** raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By ** juſt and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate 15
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are †† mov'd,
And †† out of order gone. 20

* *Bagnadath-el.* † *Bekerev.* ‡ *Tiſphetu gnavel.*
|| *Shiphtu-dal.* ** *Hatzdiku.* †† *Jimmotu.*

6 I ſaid

6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The ſons of God moſt high;
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Riſe God, * judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth * redreſs,
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The nations all poſſeſs.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace;
Sit thou not ſtill, O God of *ſtrength*,
We cry, and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* † ſwell,
And † ſtorm outrageouſly,
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Againſt thy people they ‡ contrive
‖ Their plots and counſels deep,
** Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive,
†† Whom thou doſt hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
Till they no nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.

* *Shiphta.* † *Jehemajun.* ‡ *Jaguarimu.*
‖ *Sod.* ** *Jirthjagnatſu gnal.* †† *Tſephuneca.*

5 For

5 For they conſult * with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the deſert dwell;
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire*,
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philiſtins, and they of Tyre,
Whoſe bounds the ſea doth check.
8 With them *great* Aſhur alſo bands
And doth confirm the knot:
All theſe have lent their armed hands
To aid the ſons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*,
That waſted all the coaſt,
To Siſera, and as *is told*
Thou didſt to Jabin's *hoſt*,
When at the brook of Kiſhon *old*,
They were repuls'd and ſlain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil ſped,
So let their princes ſpeed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*,
So let their princes *bleed*.

* *Lev jachdau.*

12 *For*

12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid,
By right now ſeize ſhall we
God's houſes, and *will now invade*
* Their ſtately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtrays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze;
15 So with thy whirlwind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 † And till they † yield thee honor due,
Lord, fill with ſhame their face.
17 Aſham'd, and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou, whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

* *Neoth Elohim bears both.*
† *They ſeek thy Name.* Heb.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* tabernacles are,
Where thou doſt dwell ſo near!
2 My ſoul doth long and almoſt die
Thy courts, O Lord, to ſee:
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the ſparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt*;
The ſwallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* neſt,
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hoſts,
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the coaſts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe:
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where ſprings and ſhowers abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſome chear,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord

8 Lord God of Hoſts, hear *now* my prayer;
O Jacob's God, give ear,
9 Thou God our ſhield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt*,
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thouſand days *at beſt*.
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode*,
With ſin *for evermore*.
11 For God the Lord both ſun and ſhield
Gives grace and glory *bright*,
No good from them ſhall be withheld
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoſts, *that reign'ſt on high*,
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THY land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not, Lord, been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their ſin, *that did thee grieve*,
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know*.

3 Thine

3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy * fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
Far worſe than fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not † turn, and *bear our voice,*
And us again † revive,
That ſo thy people may rejoice,
By thee preſerv'd alive?
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew;
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtrait and* hear,
For to his people he ſpeaks peace,
And to his ſaints *full dear,*
To his dear ſaints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but ſurceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.

* Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
† Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*

9 Surely

9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
' Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.
11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then,*
And Juſtice from her heavenly bower
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His royal harbinger;
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow,
His footſteps cannot err.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay.*

* Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

2 Preſerve

2 Preſerve my ſoul, for * I have trod
Thy ways, and love the juſt;
Save thou thy ſervant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy ſervant's ſoul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my ſoul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs*,
And anſwer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

* Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting ſeat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou haſt free'd my ſoul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free,
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtil'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy handmaid's ſon.

17 Some

17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou, Lord,
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt,
There ſeated is his ſanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmoſt ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt,*
This and this man was born in her,
High God ſhall fix her faſt.
6 The Lord ſhall write it in a ſcroll
That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance,
With ſacred ſongs are there,
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, that doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*
2 Into thy preſence let my prayer
With ſighs devout aſcend,
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favor bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſtore
Surcharg'd my ſoul doth lie,
My life *at death's unchearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal* pit,
I am a * man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.
5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *ſleep,*
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep.*

* Heb. *A man without manly ſtrength.*

Whom

Whom thou remembereſt no more,
c Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the loweſt pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn*,
Where thickeſt darkneſs *bowers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves*,
Full ſore doth preſs on me;
* Thou brak'ſt upon me all thy ways,
c And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
c Shall the deceas'd ariſe
And praiſe thee *from their loathſome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving-kindneſs tell
On whom the grave *hath hold*,
Or they who in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*

* *The* Hebr. *bears both.*

12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be ſpent,
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*,
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſake,
And hide thy face from me?
15 That am already bruis'd, and * ſhake
With terror ſent from thee
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *ſo low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me purſue.
18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd,
And ſever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkneſs are.

* Heb. *Præ Concuſſione.*

A Paraphraſe

A Paraphraſe on PSAL. CXIV.

This and the following Pſalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the bleſt ſeed of Terah's faithful ſon
After long toil their liberty had won,
And paſt from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Iſrael ſhown,
His praiſe and glory was in Iſrael known.
That ſaw the troubled ſea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains ſkip like rams
Amongſt their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why ſkipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'rd his cryſtal fountains?
Shake, Earth, and at the preſence be aghaſt
Of him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt,
That glaſſy floods from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

PSAL. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladſome mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay indure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God;
For his &c.

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
For his &c.

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate.
For his &c.

Who did the ſolid earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain.
For his &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his &c.

And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his &c.

The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his &c.

He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt-born of Egypt land.
For his &c.

And in deſpite of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.
For his &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his &c.

The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs.
For his &c.

But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his &c.

His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſteful wilderneſs.
For his &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
For his &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his hoſt,
That rul'd the Amorrean coaſt.
For his &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his &c.

And to his ſervant Iſrael
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For his &c.

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his &c.

All

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For his &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majeſty and worth.
For his &c.

That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay indure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigeſimum conſcripſit.

HÆC quæ ſequuntur de Authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quam ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; cum alii præſertim ut id faceret magnopere ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique quod plus æquo eſt non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus, Marchio Villenſis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipſe fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeſeos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetruſca, Epigramma Joannis Salſilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depreſſa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Taſſum deſinat uſque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
SELVAGGI.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di ſtelle intrecciero corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtù celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia reſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l'umana eccede:
Queſta feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla

Alla virtù ſbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi l' induſtre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle idee traſſe il più raro.

Coſi l'Ape ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglica
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo teforo,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e in un fermin ſi gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o ſtoria
Furon gia, l'hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
In Tamigi il dirà che gl' e conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno parreggiar Permeſſo.

I o che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del ſig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudia cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed * venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu ſapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœleſtium ſphærarum ſonitus aſtronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos

* vaſtitate. Edit. 1645.

Dei magnitudo deſcribitur magiſtra philoſophia legenti antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite aſſidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro!

Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu proceus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, & effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et doſet, & ſpecto, juvat & ſpectaſſe dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amator ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ conſitus ulmo,
Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas ſpirantia ſidera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriiſſe choros.

Ah

Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ
Quæ poſſit ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellaceſque genas, ad quos hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, & ipſe tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeïa Muſa columnas
Jactet, & Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,
Quot tibi conſpicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,

Huic

Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roſeam poſt habitura Cypron.
Aſt ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.

Magna

Magna ſepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
Perſonet & totis nænia mœſta ſcholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum * Præſulis Wintonienſis.

Mœſtus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo,
Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres,
Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos & jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis:
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, digniſſime Præſul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & triſti ſic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva ſecunda Jovi,

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21, 1626.

Nonne

Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa,
Nec finis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos:
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga ſole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoï, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.

Serpit

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racimiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubito Præſul Wintonius aſtat,
Sidereum nitido fulſit in ore jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;
Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi.

Elegia Quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem ſuum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Paſtoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immenſum ſubitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obſtet eunti,
Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides ſollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.
At tu, ſi poteris, celeres tibi ſiſte jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleuſinâ miſſus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediſſe neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præſul Chriſticolas paſcere doctus oves:
Ille quidem eſt animæ pluſquam pars altera noſtræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!

Charior

Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctiſſime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoſo magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte receſſus
Luſtrabam, & bifidi ſacra vireta jugi,
Pierioſque hauſi latices, Clioque favente,
Caſtalio ſparſi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at ſignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti Chlori ſenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora charo ſuo,
Forſitan, aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei,
Cœleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modeſtos
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.

Accipe

Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem;
Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icariis à lento Penelopeïa viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modò da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe fariſſiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere paſſus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paraſſe duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volaſſe domos.

Te

Te tamen intereà belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto ſolus inopſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & ſaxis ſævior albis
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Theſbitidis olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,
Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cuſtos, & pugil ille tibi;

Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit & denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeris) ſperare memento,
Et tuâ magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeſt?
Munere veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt;

Concitaque

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furo, & ſonitus me ſacer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Peneïde lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc ſubeat Muſa * perennis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cœleſte Bootes
Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſidera rara polo.

* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hæc, ait, hæc certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis!
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnameâ

Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quæſit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quàque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.

Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſidera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi nympha pedes,

Jamque

Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nèc vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Tè referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. ſcripſiſſet, & ſua carmina excuſari poſtulaſſet ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hoc habuit reſponſum.

MITTO tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
Qua tu diſtento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.

Quàm bene ſolemnes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Feſtaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poëſin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euoe
Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitis erat:
Quid niſi vina, roſaſque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis?
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Euan,
Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuſcus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lautâ tibi generoſo menſa paratur
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine compoſito tres peperiſſe Deos.
Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Inſonat argutâ molliter icta manu;

Auditurque

Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
Virgíneos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum eſt,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venuſque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduiſſe mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperûm conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magiſtri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, & caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens ſacrâ, & luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
  Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
  Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
  Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
  Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
  Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu ſiquid agam ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
  Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Pacíferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
  Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
  Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
  Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
  Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
  Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA, Anno Ætatis 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
  Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
  Atque tuum ſprevi maxime numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
  Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut

Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra, viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & ſummæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, ſed & his decuiſſe putares,
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle minas.
Et miſer exemplo fapuiſſes tutius, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques:

Cydoniuſque

Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facièque ſimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi,
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam fortè aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.

Nec

Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis :
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraüs equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus ? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui ;
Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum ſis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :

Et

Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
  Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
  Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans :
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
  Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
  Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
  Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
  Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
  Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe ſagittis,
  Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
  Auſus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor ? an & mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
  Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus ?
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
  Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
  Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In

In eandem.

SIccine tentaſti cœlo donâſſe Iacobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis infidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ deriſit Iacobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
Supplicium ſpreta relligione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima verò,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareò ſublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi ſi gloria major,
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquantum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

* Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUſticus ex malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſe parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.

* Added in the Edit. 1673.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum * Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque Parcæ jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos ſi relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſsùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum eſt.
Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuiſſet Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Enſe Locro, Jove lacrymante.

* Dr. John Goſlyn, Maſter of Caius college, and the King's Profeſſor of phyſic, who died when he was a ſecond time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626.

Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.
Læſiſſet & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende Præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit

Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cœruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Trojæ.
At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & huridum olentia ſulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Tiphœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis
Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,

Cum

Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cinyracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit fune ſalaces,

Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latinus quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa proboſcæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,

Quælibet

Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquàmne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſûque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata * revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.

* forſan---reſolvens.

Hic

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
His Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes
Exululant, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt ſontes, & retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tatareoque leves diffluntur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit ætherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terra
Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea,

Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli:
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linquis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit.
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Briſannos,

Et

Et nova ſceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis ante fugax ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque param eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique ſenes pariter tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præſulis Elienſis.

ADHUC madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum,
Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1626.

Audiſſe

Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi

Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum, ſiderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam cryſtallinam, &
Stratum ſmaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat eſt in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Affimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque

Sidera

Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîsse nefas, & Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos socià vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineam rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ

Luce

Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis & gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitoque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DIcite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleïones nepos

Vatum

Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Oſiridem:
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen.
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi.
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint.
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ.
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſidereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroümque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,

Et

Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Sylveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine junCti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe Camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior arca lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditеſcere mentem.
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.

Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aër,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotâque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quemvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,

Sæva

Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia ritus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἦεν ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰούδα.
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὀδ' ἄρ' ἐτυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφέρῳ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίφναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πίλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρράωσας

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπίοντα
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέεσο· ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαιο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀειαὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum & insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit.

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, ἠδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
* Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ.
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώσυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus Sculptorem †.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φάβλε δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

* Μὰψ αὖτως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα χρόνῳ μάλα πολλὸν ὀδύρῃ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος——Edit. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Ad

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Muſa greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Deiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adeſdum & hæc ſ'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, Camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
In ſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Leſbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan

Libenter

Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo.
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumiduſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MAN-

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore
Poſt Galli cineres, & Mæcenatis Hetruſci
Tu quoque, ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;

Mollis

Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & varia ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere Muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thamefis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi fulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boötem.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens

(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroüm laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herboſâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitaſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regia adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneïum prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad cytheræ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſylvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decoraſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus adſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
Quantum fata ſinunt) & tota mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITA-

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis & Damon ejuſdem viciniæ paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, & rem ita eſſe * comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,

* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Nec

Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.
Aſt ubi mens explete domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſeditque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit & immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit,
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piùmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,

Aut

Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, & deſuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æſculeâ ſomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ,
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ferum expecto, ſupra caput imber & Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſylvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphiſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,

Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, & fidera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrſi futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri,
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege, ſi denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, & omnia circum

Farra

[illegible]

Farra [illegible]
Quem [illegible]
Fata tulit [illegible]
Protinus ille [illegible]
Nos durum [illegible]
Gens homines [illegible]
Vix sibi quisque [illegible]
Aut si fors [illegible]
Illum inopina [illegible]
Surripit, [illegible]
Ite domum [illegible]
Heu quis me [illegible]
Ire per aëreas [illegible]
Ecquid erat [illegible]
(Quamvis ille [illegible]
Tityrus ipse [illegible]
Ut te tam [illegible]
Possem tot [illegible]
Tot sylvas, [illegible]
Ah certe [illegible]
Et bene [illegible]
Et dixisse [illegible]
Ite domum [illegible]
Quamquam [illegible]
Pastores [illegible]
Hic Charis, [illegible]
Antiquâ [illegible]
O ego [illegible]
Murmura, [illegible]
Carpere [illegible]

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam Cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborûmque, humiléſque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm,
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſylvæ.

Ite

Ite dómum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priſcúmque Belīnum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merçes, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, & fuſca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipſe,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & ſudantes balſama ſylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cœruleûm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.

Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, & ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret,
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia thyrſo.

Jan.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

QUEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cœrulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus.
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo teréris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
Legatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Cœleſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quâm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creüsâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Dilmque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidòque Parnaſſi jugo :
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque lon
Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis ex reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad

Ad CHRISTINAM Sueeorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli *.

Pellipotens Virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,
Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.
Ante tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

TRANSLATION, from TOLAND'S Life of MILTON.

BRIGHT martial maid, queen of the frozen zone,
Where northern pole ſupports thy ſhining throne;
Behold what furrows age and ſteel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppreſs'd this wrinkled brow.
Through fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands:
Yet this ſtern ſhade to you ſubmits his frowns,
Nor are theſe looks always ſevere to crowns.

* Theſe verſes were ſent to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by ſome aſcribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I ſhould rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT, from the Italian;

Addreſſed to a young Lady, at Florence, who did not underſtand Engliſh.

WHEN, in your language, I, unſkill'd, addreſs
The ſhort-pac'd efforts of a trammel'd Muſe;
Soft Italy's fair critics round Me preſs,
And my miſtaking paſſion thus accuſe.

Why, to our tongue's diſgrace, does thy dumb lo[ve]
Strive, in rough ſound, ſoft meaning to impart?
He muſt ſelect his words who ſpeaks to move,
And point his purpoſe at the hearer's heart.

Then laughing they repeat my languid lays
Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps—they [may],
For whom thou haſt a tongue, may feel thy praiſe;
But we muſt underſtand ere we comply!

Do thou, my ſoul's ſoft hope, theſe triflers awe!
Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I write
Since love from ſilent looks can language draw,
And ſcorns the lame impertinence of wit.

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